

Home

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Category: Sentinel
Language: English
Status: In-Progress
Published: 1999-08-20 08:00:00
Updated: 1999-08-20 08:00:00
Packaged: 2016-04-27 09:12:41
Rating: T
Chapters: 1
Words: 1,323
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: Jim has to think about his relationship to Blair...

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He had thought about him a lot.

Looking out of the window, watching the rails go by, the clouds run away. Seven hours on a train were quite a long time to think. He had wanted to go by plane, but the snowstorm had forced the airport to cancel all flights, and he'd rather taken the train than spent Christmas in the waiting - room of an airport.

He sighed.

It was the first time he felt such an overwhelming urge to be at home.

Home.

His home had soft brown curls and big blue eyes. And a body he didn't want to think about right now, although he was alone in his compartment.

He sighed again.

They had been living together for a few years now, and he still couldn't understand what had taken him so long to feel what he felt now. or maybe why he had surpressed his feelings for so long.

At first he hadn't even liked him. Jim smiled as he thought of Blair as he had first seen him : doctor's dress, glasses, ponytail, bouncing all over the place.

He had learnt to trust him and Blair had become his guide. The only one who could pull him out of a zone, sometimes just by talking to him. In his "guide - mode", as Jim called it. He still wondered how different this voice was from Blair's normal one: deep, reassuring, calming.

God, he missed him.

Jim had been away for two weeks, working on a case in God-knows-where, with a friend of Simon's. Nasty stuff, some psychopath killing and raping women. But they had arrested him, early enough for Jim to come home before Christmas, if it hadn't been for that *bloody* snowstorm.

He thought about how his feelings for Blair had gradually changed. At first, he had to acknowledge that Blair could really help him deal with his sentinel - abilities, and although his restlessness was sometimes unnerving, Jim had learnt that Blair's ability to jump from one association to another with lightning speed could be truly inspiring.

After that, as they spent more and more time together, Jim had started to really enjoy Blair's company. He discovered that he could let his defenses slip when being with his guide, that the younger man wouldn't take advantage of him as people before him had done.

Some time, he guessed it must have been in spring, he had caught himself thinking of Blair in a more sexual way. It had started with wondering how these curls would feel sliding through his fingers, how these eyes would look sparkling with desire. Jim's thoughts had become more graphic day by day. He was nearly constantly thinking of how Blair's mouth would feel on his throat, how he would writhe if Jim tugged his nipple - ring...

Jim groaned, trying to shove his imagination away. Much too vivid...

Two more hours.

Lately, there had been more.

He still thought Blair was sexy. As hell.

But now, he sometimes just longed to hold him. To put his arms around him, bury his face in his curls and relax.

Yes, he had fallen in love with his guide.

Maddeningly.

Thoroughly, like everything else he did.

He wanted Blair. Heart, body and soul.

So, what would happen if he told him?

Jim had thought about that a lot in the last few weeks. He doubted Blair would leave him if he didn't reciprocate Jim's feelings, he took his work as a guide far too serious and knew that Jim wouldn't be able to control his senses without him for long.

He was far more scared of losing these feelings of relaxation and safety, this trust between them.

If he admitted his feelings to Blair and his guide was dispelled, their relationship would be strained, Jim had no doubt about that.

Maybe he should just start to pay more attention.

If that's possible, Jim thought wryly and snorted.

He would monitor Blair even closer, trying to notice every change of perspiration or heart frequency when he was together with him.

Jim thought of the phone call he had had with Blair a few hours ago. He had called him five or six times during the last two weeks, every time when he had made some progress so he had a reason to call. Jim had started to close his eyes to shut everything out except the voice of his guide. After that, he'd laid in bed, replaying the talk over and over.

Not so much the words Blair had said, but the tone of his voice and what it did to him.

How warm and secure it made him feel.

He wanted to be home again. And he wanted Blair to know what home meant to him.

Jim thought about how his life had been without his guide, and he couldn't remember anything remarkable about it, as if all excitement, all events that made his life interesting had come with Blair.

He had to tell him sometime because he was sure he wouldn't be able to hold back forever.

He was almost home now, just ten minutes left.

Jim would take a cab, and he would be home soon. He longed to reach out with his senses and find Blair again. His heartbeat, the soft smell of his shampoo clinging in those silky curls, maybe fine traces of sweat, and underneath his essence, this smell that was utterly Blair.

Jim stood, took his jacket and his luggage and prepared to exit the train. He could already sense the turmoil at the station and dialed his senses down as far as possible. Then he got out of the train, trying to find his way around people hurrying to reach the train, family reunions and thousands of other people.

Or so it seemed.

Jim almost missed the hand tugging insistently at his arm. As he finally turned around, he couldn't help almost zoning on these bright

blue eyes sparkling up at him.

As he tried to dial his sight down, the smell of his guide and the feeling of the hand on his arm hit him full force. He groaned as he tuned in on Blair's heartbeat to come back to the surface.

Finally, he heard Blair's concerned voice, "Hey, big guy, come back to me, tell me what's up..."

"I'm okay, it's just so loud here..."

"Okay, man, come with me." Blair said, dragging him into a quit corner. "Better now?"

"Yeah, thanks," Jim murmured, eyes closed, rubbing his temples. As he opened his eyes again, he looked once more into adoring blue eyes. Jim let his defenses slip slowly, and the smell of his guide swept over him. He reveled in it for a moment, careful not to lose himself in it again.

Jim smiled, "What're you doing here, anyway?"

Blair gave him a dazzling smile back, "I wanted to pick you up, so you don't have to take a cab. I've got Christmas dinner waiting at home...if you're hungry."

Jim just stared at him, his feelings for Blair, his need to hold him and be near him almost a physical ache. Blair just wanted to ask if he was zoning again as Jim stepped forward and embraced him, pressing him tightly into his chest.

"Thanks, Blair." he murmured, feeling the silky curls tickle his cheek.

"You're welcome, man," Blair said softly, his body practically melting against Jim's. in a corner of his mind, the sentinel noticed happily that he didn't hesitate a second.

They stood there for a moment, each reveling in the feeling of the other.

Then, quietly, "Jim?"

"Yeah?"

"Merry Christmas."

"Merry Christmas, Blair. Let's go home."

***** THE END ***** by Jadzia, 23. - 25. 12. 98

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